

VOL. VIII.—No. 30

THE FARO-TABLE.

CONCLUDED.

"I am prepared for everything," said Vertus. "You hate, you despise me, chevalier! You ruined me—you and others, for pleasure; but you know me not. Learn then that I formerly was a gambler like yourself—that to be a capricious jack was profane as to you. I have traveled over half the globe, tarried everywhere, where high play, the home of high winnings, abounded; that gold inexorably heaped itself in my bank as in yours. I had a fair, the most brilliant wealth. It happened that as I once in Geneva set up my bank, a young Roman lost all his rich inheritance at my table. As I have requested you to-day, he begged me to lend him money, at least enough to travel back to Rome. I refused him, with scornful laughter, and, in the frenzied madness of despair, he thrust a dagger, which he carried with him, deep into my breast. The physicians succeeded in saving me with difficulty, but my sick bed led to a painful death. My wife nursed me, comforted me, held me upright when I sank under pain, and with my recovery there dawned upon me a feeling, that gained the mastery of me, which I had never before known. The gambler becomes estranged from every madly emotional. Like tormenting spirit of revenge appeared to me all those whose happiness in life, whose whole existence I had considered with wicked indifference, and had been the deep, hollow death voice, through me with all the guilt, all the crime whose seeds I had implanted, only my wife could banish the nameless grief, the terror which then seized me—I made a vow never to touch a card more. I drew myself back, I tore myself loose from the bonds which held me fast. I withstood the entreaties of my croupiers, who would not relinquish me and my luck. A small country-seat near Rome, which I purchased, was the place, whither, as soon as I perfectly recovered, I fled with my wife. Alas! only for one single year fell to my lot a calm, a happiness, a joy which had never anticipated! My wife bore me a daughter, and died a few weeks afterwards. I was thrown into despair. I accused Heaven, then I cursed myself, my wretched life, which Heaven had avenged, in taking from me my wife who had saved me from destruction, the only being who afforded me hope and comfort. As a criminal, who fears the terrors of solitude, I drove myself forth from my country-seat here to Paris. Angela grew up, the sweet image of her mother; upon her hung my whole heart, for her I determined not only to provide a large property, but even to increase it. It is true I lent money at high interest—an infamous calumnia is it, that they upbraid me as a cheating usurer. And who are the accusers? Light-minded people, who easily harass me, and then, when they are won over, when I would collect with inexorable severity the money which belonged not to me, to my daughter, the steward of whose property I regarded myself! Not long is it since I rescued a young man from shame, from destruction, by advancing to him a considerable sum. Not a syllable did I mention of the demand, for he, as I knew, was miserably poor, till he acquired a rich inheritance. I asked him, for the debt. Think you, chevalier, that the frivolous wretch, who owed his whole existence to me, denied the debt, that he reproached me as a base usurer, since he had to pay me the debt by force of law. I could relate to you many similar occurrences which have made me hard and unfeeling, where I meet with frivolity, with baseness. Enough—I could tell you that I dried up many bitter tears, that many a prayer for myself and my Angela rose to Heaven, yet you would take for false ostentation and think nothing of it, for you are a gambler—I thought that Heaven had been avenged—it was only a delusion then Satan was permitted to blind me in the same wretched manner before—I heard of your fortune, chevalier! Every day I learned that this one, that one had been reduced to beggary at your bank; there came to me a thought that it was appropriate to my gaming luck when he had to seek it in this year—that it was in my power to put an end to your calling, and this thought, which only a strange delusion could have engendered, left me no rest, no quiet more. So I came to your bank, I forced not my wretched infatuation until my—my Angela's property was yours! It is now over. Will you permit my daughter to take her wardrobe with her?"

"The wardrobe of your daughter," replied the chevalier, "is worth nothing to me. You can take your bed and necessary house-hold furniture with you. What should I do with the old lumber? yet take care that nothing of any value that has fallen to me go with it."

The old Vertus stared at the chevalier a few moments speechless, then a flood of tears rushed from his eyes; entirely overpowered, full of grief and despair, he sank down before the chevalier and cried with uplifted hands—"Chevalier, have you no manly feeling in your heart—no pitiful—pitiful!—Not myself, my daughter, my Angela, the innocent angel-child you thrust into destruction!—be pitiful to her. Lend her—her, my Angela, the twentieth part of her property that you have robbed her of—I know it—you relent!—Oh! Angela—my daughter!"

"A poor, small, lame—lame—grieved—cried out in heart-tugging tones the name of his child. This theatrical scene begins to be tedious to me," said the chevalier indifferently and frivoly; but in the same instant the door sprang open, and a maiden, with loosened hair, and death in her countenance, rushed at the old Vertus, raised him up, seized him in her arms, and cried, "Oh, my father—my father—I heard—I know all. Have you not your Angela?"

"What could gold or property do if Angela did not nourish you, cherish you? Oh, father, degrade yourself no longer before this unmanly, despotic man. We do not, it is he who remains poor and miserable in his abundant base wealth—there leave him, is dread, comfortless solitude—no living heart is there on the wide earth to cling to his breast, to unbosom itself to him when, alone by himself, he shall despair of life? Come, my father—leave this house with me, let us hasten away that this wretched man may not entertain himself with your grief."

Vertus sank half powerless in an arm-chair. Angela knelt down before him, seized his hands, kissed, caressed him—related, in childlike babbling, all the accomplishments, all the talents which were his, and by which she could abundantly maintain her father—consoled him, with soothed tears, to renounce all grief; that now life—it could only, not for pleasure, no, for her father, embroil, sing, or play on the guitar—would for the first time be worth preserving.

Who, what hardened sinner, could remain indifferent to the sight of Angela, blooming in full heavenly beauty, as with such lovely tones she comforted her old father, as out of her deepest heart flowed the purest and the most chaste virtue?

It was otherwise with the chevalier. Pain and anguish of conscience awoke in his heart. Angela appeared to him the rebuking angel, before whose glance the misty veil of criminal delusion disappeared, so that he saw with horror his miserable self in loathsome nakedness.

In the midst of this there arose, in the chevalier's heart, a pure, godlike beam whose light was the sweetest rapture and bliss of Heaven; but by the light of that beam his nameless grief became only the more unendurable.

The chevalier had never yet loved. As he looked at Angela there was a moment in which he was seized by the most vehement passion, and immediately by the despairing grief of entire hopelessness. A man truly could have no hope who appeared to the pure child, the angel, Angela."

The chevalier essayed to speak; he could not; a cramp, as it were, lamed his tongue. Finally, he collected himself with effort, and stammered, in a trembling voice, "Signor Vertus—hear me! I will keep nothing from you, truly, loathing—there is my chest—it is yours—no! I must pay you yet more—I am your debtor—take it—take it!"

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Vertus; but Angela rose up, stepped before the chevalier, beamed upon him with a profound glance—"Chevalier, learn that there is something higher than gold and wealth. Sentiments, strange to you, which fill our souls with the comfort of Heaven, return your gifts, your favor with contempt. Keep the Mammon, upon which a curse abides, which follows you, a heartless abandoned gamester!"

"Yes!" cried the chevalier, with a wild look, and in a wretched tone; "yes, cursed—cursed shall I be, if ever again this hand touches a card! And if you thrust me from you, Angela! I thus you bring upon me certain destruction—oh! you know not—you understand me not—mad! must you think me—but you will feel, when I leave you all when I before he a suicide. Angela is dead!"

The chevalier raged forth in the deepest despair. Vertus entirely understood him, he knew what was passing in him, and sought to make intelligible to the sweet Angela that there might occur certain circumstances, to lead to the necessity of receiving the chevalier's gifts. Angela shuddered when she understood her father. She saw not how it was possible to meet the chevalier otherwise than with contempt.

The chevalier, as if suddenly awakened from a frightful dream, saw himself now on the edge of a precipice, and stretched out his arms in vain to the glancing heavenly form which appeared to him. Not to say him—no! to remind him of his destruction.

To the astonishment of all Paris, the bank of the Chevalier Menars disappeared from the gaming house, he himself was gone, nowhere, and the most opposite and wonderful reports were abroad, of which one was only more false than another. The chevalier avoided all company; his love expressed itself in the deepest, most indigestible grief. It happened that he met old Vertus and his daughter, suddenly in one of the solitary and darkest passages of the carders at Malmaison.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Angela, who believed she could not look upon the chevalier otherwise than with loathing and contempt, felt herself strangely moved as she saw him before her, troubled and deadly pale, scarcely taking courage, in his bashful reserve, to raise his eyes. She knew well that the chevalier, since that fatal night, had entirely abandoned play—that he had changed his whole course of life. She, who alone had accomplished all this—she had saved the chevalier from destruction. Could the vanity of woman be farther flattered?

As Vertus exchanged the usual salutations with the chevalier, Angela asked, with a tone of the softest, kindest sympathy—"What has disturbed you, chevalier Menars? You appear ill. In truth, you look like a woman."

It may be supposed that Angela's words had been thrown through the window of the house, the gold which he had so brilliantly won. It happened that as I once in Geneva set up my bank, a young Roman lost all his rich inheritance at my table. As I have requested you to-day, he begged me to lend him money, at least enough to travel back to Rome. I refused him, with scornful laughter, and, in the frenzied madness of despair, he thrust a dagger, which he carried with him, deep into my breast. The physicians succeeded in saving me with difficulty, but my sick bed led to a painful death.

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Alas! only for one single year fell to my lot a calm, a happiness, a joy which had never anticipated! My wife bore me a daughter, and died a few weeks afterwards.

I was thrown into despair. I accused Heaven, then I cursed myself, my wretched life, which Heaven had avenged, in taking from me my wife who had saved me from destruction, the only being who afforded me hope and comfort.

As a criminal, who fears the terrors of solitude, I drove myself forth from my country-seat here to Paris. Angela grew up, the sweet image of her mother;

as is quite usual with brides, a villa regiment marched by with merry trumpets, destined for the campaign in Spain. Angela regarded with interest those who were devoted to death in the name of her happiness. A young man, in the bloom of youth, looked up at Angela, as his mettlesome horse turned on the spot, and she sank powerless back in the chair.

As no other was the rifer than the young Duvernet, son of a neighbor, who had grown up with her, been almost daily in the house, and who first stayed away when the chevalier appeared.

In the severe reproachful look of the young maid (the bitterness of death itself lay in it) knew Angela for the first time not only how unspeakably he had loved her—nay, how boundlessly she herself had loved him, without having been conscious of it, while she was only bewildered and dazzled by the brilliance the chevalier ever displayed.

Now first she understood the young man's anxious sighs, his quiet, unassuming wooing; now first understood her own contentedness, when she had moved her unquiet breast with desire.

"It is too late now to be lost to me!" So spoke Angela in her heart.

She had the courage to combat with the comfortless feeling which would tear her heart, and because she had the courage to do it, she reproached him as a base usurer, since he had to pay me the debt by force of law.

Twenty thousand ducats, or—Angela," said the colonel, half aside, while he suffered the cards to be cut.

"You are mad!" cried the chevalier, who now, come to himself, began to perceive that the colonel continually lost and lost.

"Twenty thousand ducats against Angela," said the colonel, lightly, whilst he paused a moment in mingling the cards.

The chevalier was silent; the colonel played again, and disengaged almost all the cards to the players.

"It is done!" whispered the chevalier into the ear of the colonel, as he began the new deal, and put the queen upon the table.

At the next drawing, the queen had lost. Gnashing his teeth, the chevalier drew back, and leant, with despair and death in his countenance, against the window.

The play was ended, with a contemptuous "Now, what further?"

The colonel stepped before the chevalier.

"It is done!" cried the chevalier entirely frenzied. "You have made me a beggar!" he said, without looking at the chevalier, as he mingled the cards for the following deal.

"What do you mean by that?" proceeded the chevalier, scornfully.

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there must be an extra pound of flesh on him somewhere or other than did the mischief.

"I say, right!" said Drysdale, "how do you feel?"

"All right," said Tom, "I never felt jollier in my life."

"By Jove, then, h, it was an awful grime! didn't you wish your self well out of it below the Gut?"

"No, nor you either."

"Didn't I, though? I was awfully baked; my throat is like a lime-k in yet. What did you think about?"

"Well, about keeping time, I think," said Tom, laughing; "but I can't remember much."

"I only kept on by thinking how I hated those devils in the Exeter boat, and how done up they must be, and hoping their Number 2 felt like having a fit."

At this moment they came opposite the Cherwell. The leading boat was just passing the winding post, off the University barge, and the band struck up the "Conquering Hero," with a crash. And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurings, and music went up into the evening sky, Miller shook the tiller ropes again, the captain shouted—

"Now, then, pick her up!" and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing place, the lion of the evening.

Dear readers of the gentler sex! you, I know, will pardon the enthusiasm which stirs our pulses, in our middle age, as we call up again the memories of this the most exciting sport of our boyhood (for we were but boys then, after all). You will pardon, though I am hopelessly unable to understand the above sketch; your sons and brothers will tell you it could not have been made less technical.

For you, male readers, who have never handled an oar—what shall I say to you? You, at least, I hope, in some way—in other contests of one kind or another—have felt as we felt, and have given us as we strove. You ought to understand and sympathize with us in all our boating memories. Oh, how fresh and sweet they are! Above all that one of the gay little Henley towns, the carriage-crowded bridge, the noble river reach, the giant poplars which mark the critical point of the course—the roaring columns of "undergrads," light blue and dark purple, Cantab and Oxonian alike, and yet how different—hurling along together, and hiding the towing path—the clang of Henley church bells—the cheering, the waving of embroidered handkerchiefs, and glancing of bright eyes, the ill-concealed pride of fathers, the open delight and exultation of mothers and sisters—the levee in the town-hall when the race was rowed, the great cup full of champagne (non-champagne, but we were not critical)—the chops, the steaks, the bitter beer—but we run into anti climax—remember, we were boys then, and bear with us if you cannot sympathize.

And you, old companions, benchers (of the gallant eight-oar,) now seldom met, but never forgotten, lairds, squires, soldiers, merchants, lawyers, grave clergymen, gravest bishops (for of two bishops at least does our brotherhood boast), I turn for a moment from my task, to reach to you the right hand of fellowship from these pages, and empty this solemn trophy of hard won victory—to your health and happiness.

Surely, none the worse Christians and citizens are ye for your in voluntary failing of muscularity!

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNR. BALTIMORE.—1. There are no such score books published. 2. When a fair ball is caught on the fly, it is not always necessary that it should go into the hands of the pitcher before a player running bases can be put out on retarding; it can be sent direct to the base. 3. He must touch the player with the ball, except in cases of foul balls, or a fly ball, and in the latter case he must be returning to the base.

W. OGEE, Carlisle.—1. The balls used in the game of base ball, are made expressly for that purpose, and are for sale at various places in this city, and we think, in Philadelphia. 2. Head's game base ball player is just the work you want and will give you every information on the subject. You can procure it through any bookseller or news agent.

J. C. Wilmington, Del.—The two transactions appear to have been entirely disconnected, therefore as A won the first race, he is entitled to the money for that race. He could do as pleased about entering into another engagement, and accept or refuse whatever term's B chose to offer at his pleasure.

N. N., New York.—The late T. D. Rice was born in the State of Alabama. We stated so in his memoir, recently published in the CLIPPER, and if there exists any doubt after that we can satisfy you under the hand of poor "Jim Crow" himself.

ALMOST A NIGGER, Brooklyn.—The most popular airs, as "grinded" by the street organs of London, between 1846 and '49 were "Lucy Neal" and "Mary Blane." For a long time, the former had the exclusive "go."

JOHN, Philad'l.—The "memorials" are wrong. John Brougham made his first appearance in London, at the Tottenham street Theatre, in the summer of 1850, in an olio of characters, in "Tom and Jerry." On this record you may "rely."

AN OLD COUNTRYMAN, Chicago.—1. Tom Spring kept the Macmillan Arms, City Road, London, and afterwards the Castle, on Holborn Hill. 2. The original young Dutch Sam was born in 1806, and died in 1843.

D. G., Boston.—The gentleman who wrote the criticisms in Cumberland's edition of plays, is long since deceased, therefore, any living party claiming the authorship is a mere pretender.

D. B., Toronto, C. W.—The elder J. W. Wallack, much to his credit, has gone through all the grades of his profession, even from the lowest. He is a Londoner, was born in 1794.

A. Z., Troy.—Mr. George Loder, long and favorably known in this country, is at present in England. He was married recently, for the third time, we believe. May joy go with him.

JOHN TYRONE, Baltimore.—The late George Frederick Cooke, tragedian, died in New York, in the year 1812. He was a man of great talent, but unfortunately of dissipated and violent habits.

W. F. Y., Jewett City, Conn.—A and B are throwing dice. A throws nine, whereupon B bets a one dollar that he will beat nine. B throws just nine, making a tie, who wins?.... A wins.

S. E. B., New York.—Sherry Corby's address is San Francisco, Cal. Write him, and enclose stamp for postage, and he will doubtless reply to your queries.

A. R., Silver Creek, P. O.—We have not the papers, but the two books, "Life and Battles of Sullivan," and "Battles of Sayers," contain some of those you want.

NEW ENGLAND, Philad'l.—A ball picked up by the hand and played in such a manner, was unfair, and the party so doing was not entitled to a count.

E. W. AND SON, Wheeling.—Flora Temple's fastest time, 2.19 1/4, was made on the track at Kalamazoo, Mich.

JAYFERY, Oxford, Mass.—It is correct—Jack is scored whenever turned up.

FIREMAN, Toronto.—Have handed your letter to a dealer, who will probably reply to you, by letter.

J. A. W., Malone.—It is a long time since we had any record of the lady you name.

WINTER SPORTS.—With the present month commences the reign for a season, of stern old winter, who with his usual austerity, will doubtless drive us from our summer sports, such as cricket, base ball, boat rowing, &c., to those of a more athletic nature. Skating will, without a doubt, be quite a fashionable sport, here as well as elsewhere. Our Central Park will soon be thronged with both ladies and gentlemen, fully armed and equipped for a frolic on the ice, and the "cutting of a pigeon wing" will be considered an accomplishment much to be coveted. Preparations are being already made for a wholesale enjoyment of this exhilarating and health promoting pastime, in other cities than New York. The denizens of Albany, taking their cue from us, doubtless, have selected a plot of ground north of the Patroon's residence, between the Troy road and the Albany northern railroad, which is to be enclosed and flooded. The area is six acres. At Detroit, as we have previously stated, a similar enterprise is on foot; a part of the Jones' farm having been purchased, and \$1300 appropriated for the construction of the pond. In Philadelphia, skating has long been a favorite sport, every facility having been, as the season came round, afforded for its full enjoyment. Boston also joins in the skating jubilee, so that the prospects are good for a grand time all around. Great improvements are being made in skates, and a gentleman of this city, has, we hear, invented a skate that needs no straps. He has refused \$10,000 for his invention, we are informed, so that the improvement must be one of importance. Be this as it may however, we advise all lovers of the sport to be prepared for their first venture on the "sliding iron," for which, an opportunity will not long be wanting.

MONS. BERGER'S BILLIARD SOCIETY.—Those entertainments continue as popular as ever, and the number of visitors at Phelan's rooms to witness the wonderful maze, draw, and other shots of the accomplished Frenchman, are many, and all agree in the opinion, that for the making of "lady's" shot, he is unequalled. We are glad to know that Monsieur is receiving so warm a welcome here, and that he is well pleased with America and Americans.

GAUNT COCK FIGHT IN HALLOWELL, MAINE.—A correspondent informs us that, last week, an extraordinary fight took place at a new cock pit in the above place, between a fine Derby cock, \$50s, and a Clipper cock, same weight. He adds, that they actually fought 55 minutes, when the Clipper vanquished the Derby. The Clipper was procured from Dr. J. W. Cooper, of Media, Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

### CLOSE OF THE GREAT BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

#### KAVANAGH WINS THE GOLDEN CUE.

#### THE LADIES DELIGHTED.

In order to have a complete record of the play during the whole tournament, we here append the scores of Monday and Tuesday, omitting comments thereon through want of space. Figures, however, have a character for invariably telling the truth, and in this case we shall be excused if we leave them to tell their own story.—

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29TH.

KAVANAGH. WHITE. KAVANAGH. WHITE.

No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total.

1. 0 0 0 0 23. 12 290 0 230

2. 0 0 2 24. 8 298 2 231

3. 0 0 0 25. 6 298 7 229

4. 13 13 5 16. 2 300 0 239

5. 11 24 29 26. 2 302 0 239

6. 45 69 10 46. 3 305 10 249

7. 0 69 6 52 29. 15 320 23 272

8. 18 87 6 58 30. 5 325 3 275

9. 11 98 8 66 31. 14 339 7 282

10. 0 98 0 66 32. 14 335 0 282

11. 2 100 12 78 33. 8 335 8 290

12. 23 123 3 81 34. 5 335 0 290

13. 34 157 10 91 35. 16 365 5 296

14. 7 164 20 111 36. 17 365 6 301

15. 6 181 25 156 37. 18 365 0 301

16. 24 265 26 156 38. 22 398 41 342

17. 4 210 29 169 39. 10 453 3 351

18. 6 225 5 174 40. 11 458 0 351

19. 0 225 39 213 42. 8 466 5 356

20. 0 225 21 133 43. 21 487 12 363

21. 53 278 0 213 44. 18 500 17 360

22. 0 278 17 230 44. 18 500 17 360

23. 11 11 5 16 28. 3 325 3 275

24. 0 11 2 22 29. 3 325 0 282

25. 11 11 2 22 30. 3 325 8 290

26. 11 11 2 22 31. 3 325 5 296

27. 11 11 2 22 32. 3 325 6 301

28. 11 11 2 22 33. 3 325 7 296

29. 11 11 2 22 34. 3 325 8 290

30. 11 11 2 22 35. 3 325 9 296

31. 11 11 2 22 36. 3 325 10 296

32. 11 11 2 22 37. 3 325 11 296

33. 11 11 2 22 38. 3 325 12 296

34. 11 11 2 22 39. 3 325 13 296

35. 11 11 2 22 40. 3 325 14 296

36. 11 11 2 22 41. 3 325 15 296

37. 11 11 2 22 42. 3 325 16 296

38. 11 11 2 22 43. 3 325 17 296

39. 11 11 2 22 44. 3 325 18 296

40. 11 11 2 22 45. 3 325 19 296

41. 11 11 2 22 46. 3 325 20 296

42. 11 11 2 22 47. 3 325 21 296

43. 11 11 2 22 48. 3 325 22 296

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# NEW YORK CLIPPER!

235

## SPARRING.

### A NIGHT AT THE ART UNION.

#### GRAND DANCE FOR A SILVER GOBLET.

"ZEEKE'S" SEMI-ANNUAL.—It has always been customary in the down-town saloons to allow a couple of benefits to special officers, independent of the regular weekly bonus for their services; and Friday of last week was set down for Mr. Hamilton's "special." His immense popularity as Sergeant-at-arms, both at the Melodeon and the Art Union, (his present abode) drew a host of volunteers from all the different concert-rooms, and was a happy reunion of all the various materials that compose such places. On the bills were arranged in plain black and white the following distinguished artists, independent of the regular opticians employed by these prime caterers, Bob and Harrison, Mike Norton, Tom Jones, John Woods, Tom Lowe, Dan Simmons, Dick Kenyon, Bill Clark, Mike Tremain, Izzy Lazarus, Capt. Jack Tagan, Harry Lazarus, Mike Cornell, Old Tovee, musicians, Mickey Warren, Hank Mason, Jimmy Clark, Mike McConas, Barney Kiernan, Boston Rattler, Daddie Sarisse, Jas. Thompson, Tommy Thompson, French Jiggers, and Miss Leland. J. Moran, Max Irwin, Billy Pierce, Ike Whapley, Dick Watkins, L. Simmons, and Pete Warner, in their different roles of "biz." The "Blacksmith's Frolic," "Stranger," "Gipsy Festival" and "Difficulties of Ballooning" (a very "low" affair) were the pieces in big type, and the only addition since our last visit, was the polite and dashing Kate Parlington, whose modest style is quite pleasant when we contrast the looseness and lasciviousness which some of the modern dancers have introduced into the ballet room. Dick Sands, Daddie Sarisse, Tom Brookfield, Pat Simmons, and Miss Leland represented the Melodeon, and "444" but Max Irwin, Ike Whapley, Dick Watkins, J. Herman, Billy Pierce, and Pete Warner contradicted the bills by not showing. As for the performance, "everything was lovely, and the goose hang high!" so Billy Jacobs informed us, and when Billy O'Neill seconded the motion, there was nobody to question the fact. Some of these days we must tell about Billy's adventure one night in the Bowery, not far from Houston street; that is, if Mike Tremain had no objection. "It wasn't half so hard as the one I got in," was all Billy O'Neill had to say.

About a pastime being commenced, and H. R. H. Toove was himself present. We missed it by not going to Drumpool's benefit "that night," and we had known what was going to happen, we should have been perfectly willing to let the Wide Awakes go to glory for the privilege of seeing Squeezie Gardner and Old Bill once more arrayed in a hand to hand combat." They say "Bill" played poor Gardner so fearfully that he begged for quarter time and again, and only got out of it by beating an ignominious retreat. Hereafter Mr. Gardner had better keep his red rag within bounds, if he knows when he's well off, "or any other man." While speaking of the Wide Awakes we are reminded that Captain Jack Tagan is up for Assembly in his ward, but on the Union ticket, with a prospect of being elected as easy as going to sleep. Jack is a trump, and a more popular young man couldn't possibly be run for the office. Billy Walsh, too, is again in the field, and his election is booked as a "sure thing." Bully for Billy, for we are open to a bet or two on his winning with ease. "But hold on; what about the sparring?" Why the two that came first were

**Harry Lazarus and Denny Horrigan**—Harry and the Dreadnought have tasted each other so often and out of the ring, with and without the mits, that they are supposed to be artful dodgers to each other's caps, and evidently should do the job up very nicely; so they do, but Harry has won the rest of him and without looking back in ten years, for Denny has been known to attack most categorically since he fought Harry, and been laid low by sickness a little too much for comfort. Yet, when called on he goes there right to the hub, but couldn't keep Harry away no how. To show how cool and self-possessed they have to be, once as Harry slipped, Denny hooked him as he touched wood, and rare along with Harry's curls under his wing. Denny ducked well, but never could get the lead, and after a good rally to satisfy all of his "loves of the thing," vanquished the ronch. Horrigan takes a benefit Wednesday night at Butler's, corner of 25th street and 9th avenue, and Harry Lazarus will put the doxology to it. Citizens, Wrens, Roosters, Tarrers, and Jacksons be on hand, and give the sick man a lift.

**Dan Kerrigan and McLain**—"Be dad, but he's the devil's own fighter," exclaimed a wonder-struck Frenchman, when he saw Dan counter Harry so cuttily that it was as much as he could do to hold himself up; and it's true enough, for you can punch him all night, and he wouldn't give in. Dan met him every time a stammerer—a counter, then a cross counter; now on the ribs, and then on the mark—but couldn't back him down for all that. Harry's as game as a pebble, but gets some awful slugs when Dan has him in hand. Kerrigan's feinting first and driving in next time is always clear, and his uppercut is a good one, giving his right on the rib; the most feel for him, and is preferable to the one that takes it. Barring one set to, this was the roughest of the evening. If Tovee would only take a notion to persuade Owney Geoghegan and Harry to have a buffet for love, wouldn't there be some affectuate thumping, though? What's afraid? Dan Kerrigan is in for a benefit this (Tuesday) evening at Montgomerie Hall, Prince street, and George K. winds up with him. If this ain't "big thing," what is?

**Mike Tasson and John Monaghan**—Somewhat we don't care to see a very quick and fancy sparring get up with a sturdy, careful man like Johnny, and would prefer some of those rousers should take him, or some conceded outside barbarian, and then look out for breakers ahead! While we hardly know who suits Mike best as Dutch Sam, Harry and Johnny Lazarus, there are others, big in their own conceit, that little Monaghan could polish off nicely. Their set to was a series of brilliant stops, and very scarce hitting; pretty attitudes and gingerly activity, with lots of good nature. As Unsworth says, "There is much to be said on both sides."

**Jack Murphy and Drumpool**—O-h-o-o! how long has this been going on? and who pairs 'em? There's no use of concealing the fact that a healthy rivalry exists between Jack and Drumpool, and always will; this is why such strenuous exhibitions are put forward each year. Drumpool is a good boxer for a lot of his size, and is a good fighter, and all that sort of thing. How they do it, and how they feel while doing so, must suggest itself in different ways to different individuals. Some preter Jack, some Drumpool, but certain it is that while a couple of years back Jack learned him how to put up his hands, he may now be put on an equality with his master. Drumpool stands over Jack, and his poise appears as though he had immense reach, yet Murphy is enough of a general not to get too close, and no sooner had either offered than a simultaneous jump back gave each a chance for observation. Every real hit found them locked, yet neither put on the wrestle; this appeared to be mutually understood, for back they went, and sparred for another chance—again they countered, and again separated, and more downright seriousness couldn't have been manifested at a funeral. To tell the truth, Murphy, usually so good natured, couldn't even fish his wires, while Drumpool was never as careful in all his life. "Good eggs," both of you.

**Milage, Cornell and Jacks, the Australian**—We've often been accused of bringing out men of fine natural science who would have been content to live quietly amongst their own friends but for our trumpet-blowing propensity. Gosh, we're in print-mail more than anything else, and we're in the news, in the reviews, in the papers, in every paper, and this fact has induced many an ambitious boxer to face the music of the critic, in the hope and trust that he will be candid and impartial at all times, setting down nothing extenuate, or aught in malice. Cornell is an example of this, as until a few years back he was comparatively unknown out of his own ward, while now, every place where our paper is read, the gentleman is as well known as any of the old stock. Well, but how did he make out with the Australian? We'll tell you. The first thing the burly Australian did was to rush pell-mell after Milage, and the first thing he did was to step a little aside, and let Jacks go wherever he desired, giving him (being a stranger) the freedom of the city. He then cut a piping wing by a sideways run after the Fourth Warden, and Milage, thinking the order was "balance to your partner," performed a similarfeat; so far no damage was done, and Milage was merely spotting his little game, and didn't wish to be seen to sleep from any of his prescriptions, for, mind you, Jacks is nothing smaller than Bill Clarke, and on the dragon style of charging his enemy. Next time he came, Cornell plucked him, and then it was "mind yer eye," "look out for y'r ivory box," "take care of that bug," and lively times all around. Jacks run and lunged out and Milage taking care to use his claws, and put in the work, the open hand, was waiting to be devoured. Milage's countenance crumpled, and after a long time, he was going on both sides, down came their apple-carts, with Tom Ward under. A long ringing spell followed, and the time M. C. led off first, and gave him Sanekey Hollow on the ribs, slightly troubling his respiratory, and keeping the sitz at bay for a while; but Bungaree was impetuous and called again, when "things was mutual," one apiece, and Jacks' long hair troubled him. "Put a hand round yer 'ead," shouted a modern Grecian, but Jacks was excused, and evidently would like to have put a hand, or something else, on to M. C.'s head if he could, and kept dashing away in regular sailor-fashion, sometimes leaving it there, and sometimes not, ending in another struggle, but neither man down. In the last round some heavy milling took place, and the moment he got the chance, Bungaree embraced M. C., and placed him on his "honor," the latter, however, holding on so tight with his pins, that Bungaree had to carry him off, amid the cheers and laughter of the rez popul.

**Crow and Woods**—Al Hamilton, from a slight lameness, never spars, Mike Norton and Woods put the final polish to the boxers, and the entertainment. It wasn't exactly the cheese to Tom Jenkins' taste in the bill; he being in New Orleans at the time; and even he had been here, there would be no fear of his sparring, as it wasn't his gait, having sparred only once, and that at his own benefit, while he was in the city. He was a Boston; he stayed around till his presence was pretty well blotted, and then had a big benefit. George Lewis we didn't expect to see either, and as for Dan Simmons, "we don't know him at all." Who can be he, and what's he to Hecuba? The big guns didn't please as much as the little ones, and John was too playful to do much damage, yet jumping about in his usual Boston style. There's too much nicely between big men, or those with a big name, and nothing but little taps is ever made, no letting out bang, from the shoulder or determination being visible, and if an accidental hard tap is given, both apologize, shake hands, beg pardon, and so forth. We don't apply this to either Woods or Crow, though they didn't exert them selves much this night, as Crow's set to with Price is still green in our memory as a so Woods and the Careless Bay—therefore, no hard feeling, you know, 'cause it wouldn't do. The sparring being concluded at about eleven o'clock preparations were made for the

**GRAND DANCE FOR A SILVER GOBLET.** Enq., introduced the goblet, filled with flowers, to the audience, and Mr. Bowdewell stated in Mr. Hamilton would present it to whoever rightfully won it. Mr. Hamilton would present it to two of the most important ones didn't put in, viz. Mickey Warren, who is living at home in Troy, and Mike McKenna. Those who tested came in the accompanying order: Tommy Thompson, Barney

Kiernan, Jimmy Clark, Hank the mason, and Johnny O'Neill; Thompson and O'Neill were an "natur"; Clark and Kiernan, tight black pants, cut off a little above the ankle, white shirt, Hank in addition to burnt cork, sported a gay pair of blue velvet galagaskins, with silver trimmings. Dave Williams and Andy Rooms supplied the music, and after a jig, during which the applause for Clark and Hank were about equal, O'Neill backed out and left the four to contend a walk around for it. It was evident from the first that it lay between Clark and Hank, and in each separate jig the applause would rise like a thunder-storm. Having danced about an hour and a half, the judges having compared notes, the referee stepped forward, and announced the result as given by two judges—

Thompson..... 3-3 breaks | Clark..... 3-2 breaks  
Kiernan..... 6-3 " | Hank the mason, no break

when they got a tap on the nose. Not more than half a dozen rounds were sparred in the semi-10 between the Champion and Jones, which concluded the show. So ended the sparring exhibition, the memory of which will never fade from the mind of at least one person. Mr. Sapple, whose children and children's children will tell the legend of their ancestor's hand-to-hand encounter with Hoanan, the doughty champion of the ring.

**DAN KERRIGAN'S BOUT**—After two of these disappointments and postponements, this week-end, the big specimen week of the P. R. has quite a creditable affair up in Prince street (Montgomery Hall) on Tuesday evening of last week. The attendance was very fair, but not so good as it might have been had the old F. V. Costello been the chosen spot, the audience, too, were more of the dubious-jointed class, very few of the broadcloth persons on being seen about the place. Their absence, as also the highbinders from the 4th and 6th Wards, was entirely owing to the wacky horse hobby and the dissatisfaction of this glorious Union, because every body is indifferently concerned over a dozen things in trying to save it. Instead of voting themselves a Mutual Admiration Society, like the fish ball of our flesh weeklies, politicians are just now blackguarding each other in the tallest way, and business in the drinking saloons is ran amazingly. All these things are good for trade, if nothing else, and never before was such a business done in broom-handled, lamps, pitch-trap, 62½ cent glaz' cases and caps, banners, fuscians, and so forth; and as for the printers they are all making fortunes out of it. Oh! what would become of us but for the blessed nig?" why this would be no country at all if it was't for the sweet scented Mokes, and they know it, they do, and flout about in extravagant plaid and yellow kids, with a "do you see me" air of consequence that is truly ridiculous." "Is you gazing on me, chile, eyah eyah!" But after election, the very same parties who have been damning each other like hounds will be out in the same bands, tinting glasses, and jolting hither and thither.

Now, to the election, the election signs, and the election politicians nowhere. Well, there be strange fishes in the sea, and who not out of it? On account of so much politics on hand we shall not say much for the boys this time, but reserve the principal seat in our mind's eye, and hang them up for future reference.

The Pet of the Fancy, Uncle Bill, never says die, and was around with his usual elasticity and Newmarket Benjamin. Harry and Mawley Reeves commenced the ball, and after them came the brothers Lazarus in diamond effulgence, followed by a downright

gig and take mill between Owney Geoghegan and young Reardon.

Morris Leonard and Jackson (ately arrived from G. B.) did up a few rounds quite hummery, and the "newly arrived" shall have more attention in our next notice of him. Handsome Mike and Denny Harrigan couldn't have fit better had a bottle of Graham's Onguent been up for the best man, and Mike's planting and barricading was a perfect picture to look upon. A comical farce was that between Mike Dunn and another, it was a worth a dozen camp-meetings, or going to a nigger church every night in the week, and every time we think of it, bang goes our waist-band. Query: Is G. L. Fox a better comedy-man than Mike Dunn? why that is, H. L. Johnny McClade and Blugly McLain were in nature's garb, barring the kickies, and Johnny's original and unique tactics created quite a talk: as he takes a benefit seat, we'll not say much now, but could not be bettered. Chas. Fuller, cashier and treasurer, Thad. Givier, assistant do; James Heenan, William Howard, and last, though not least, Mons. Grevoile, the renowned man of strength. The performance began by Prof. Gregoire, who played with 56 lb. weights as though they were doughnuts, balancing them at arm's length, lifting 200 weight with his teeth, and swinging it with great force, lifting a table by one corner, with three 56's on the top of it, balancing an anvil on his chest, and allowing two of the biggest men in the audience to pound away to their heart's content with two 25 lb. sledge hammers. Then came a set to between Aaron Jones and Ned Price, which was received as usual, with tumultuous applause; in fact, the audience appeared electrified, and when the bout was concluded, they retired amid great cheering. The next was a fight between C. H. Heenan and an amateur of the town, by the name of Spike, but his name and actions were great contradictions, so that he took Spike's last round with a plank, to the great delight of all present, and after several other feats, capped the climax by lifting two men by surprise, one in each hand, and swung them round with such velocity, that when he let them down they reeled about like drunken men, causing screams of laughter. The evening's entertainment concluded with a grand trial of skill between John C. Heenan and Aaron Jones, which gave the very best of satisfaction, thus finishing the most superior exhibition ever given in this part of the country. We leave here for Syracuse to-day. Yours,

CHANTICLEER.

BOXING STARS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

ANOTHER REPORT.

The following report, taken from the Utica Herald of the 20th ult., of the sparring exhibition given there on the 29th ult., by J. C. Heenan & Co., more than corroborates our correspondent "Chanticleer," in reference to the enthusiasm with which the H. of F. Farmborough was received by the citizens of Utica, and the unbounded success of the entertainment. That little fellow, for instance, who was so much of a trouble to the name of Spike, but his name and actions were great contradictions, one who lifted ten of the biggest men in the world, and retired with three cheers to give place to Mons. Grevoile again, who lifted ten of the biggest men in the world, and retired with a plank, to the great delight of all present, and after several other feats, capped the climax by lifting two men by surprise, one in each hand, and swung them round with such velocity, that when he let them down they reeled about like drunken men, causing screams of laughter. The evening's entertainment concluded with a grand trial of skill between John C. Heenan and Aaron Jones, which gave the very best of satisfaction, thus finishing the most superior exhibition ever given in this part of the country. We leave here for Syracuse to-day. Yours,

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## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$15.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,

No. 29 Ann street, New York.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

PHYSICAL BENEFITS OF SINGING.—The following will be found among the good effects accruing from the practice of singing:—A frequent correction of defects in speech, including stammering, hissing, and nasal enunciation. Singing also improves the hearing; for by listening to singing, people learn to distinguish the relative positions of the notes uttered by one voice. The ear thus becomes practiced, and fully able to convey the close distinction of tone to the seat of perception. Singing, besides, is a great improver of the health of children; notwithstanding, an opinion to the contrary has been long current, and that singing by young children in particular has a baneful tendency, occasioning splitting of blood and pulmonary diseases. However, recent scientific examinations in Germany and elsewhere have demonstrated the utter fallacy of this idea. Nothing is calculated more than singing to produce the power of free perspiration, and so to systemize the breathing (if we may use the expression) as to prevent or remedy the weaknesses of the chest so often and so justly complained of. There are other benefits to our physical nature, connected with the practice of singing of which we may speak more in detail hereafter. Meanwhile, we must not forget the moral and intellectual effects of singing. They are numerous, and even more obvious than the physical.

HUNT AND MAYER'S PITTSBURGH ALMANAC.—We have received the third issue of this little work, which, exclusive of the usual tables and calculations, contains a quantity of useful miscellaneous matter and advertisements. In view of the price (five cents) it seems really astonishing how so neat a book, numbering seventy-two pages, can be perfected. It is published by Messrs. Hunt and Mayer, Nos. 71 and 73 Fifth street, Pittsburgh.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL.—The present is the first opportunity we have had of noticing this meritorious little weekly, the seventh number of which is now before us. It contains a fair average of original matter, and a very carefully selected miscellany; while in point of printing and general arrangement, it presents a very neat appearance. It is sold at the low figure of three cents, and is published by A. Hartill & Co., at No. 20 North William street.

HIGH PRICE FOR A HORSE.—It is reported that M. Paul Aumont has refused an offer of ninety thousand francs (\$18,000) for his filly "Mon Etiole," this, we believe, is the highest sum ever offered for a French horse. The late M. Aumont sold "Monarque," "Mile de Chantilly," "Zouave," and twenty-seven other horses for only one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

A SKATING CLUB has been organized in Detroit, Mich., and a new pond, comprising two and a half acres, is to be constructed. The members of the club propose to expend \$1,200 in preparations for their winter's sport.

DOG POISONING, ETC.—FRANK QUEEN—I agree with your remarks on the subject of "canine sports," as they are improperly called. Many a valuable animal has been poisoned within the last few years, so that the owner of an opposing dog might win the stakes at issue in the result of a dog fight, with men betting on their judgment have been extremely robbery, with such disgraceful proceedings. Instant cases are not rare, and are often committed in the dead of night, with a private understanding how the battle should terminate, in order that they might "skin the flats" in outside betting, and share the proceeds among themselves. This is nothing better than down-right robbery, and it would be better that all matches should be discontinued if these things are to continue. An indictment was brought against the proprietor of a pit some months ago; and the case was called up, but I believe that was the last of it. I am as fond of canine sports as any man, but I like to see them conducted on the square. If I judge correctly, they are carried on now worse than ever, and according to information I have received, some legal action will be taken in regard to them soon after election. These dog fights are contrary to law, and persons aiding them by their presence are as liable to arrest as those taking a more active part in them. I mention this for the benefit of real patrons of canine sports.

Yours, J. B. H.

CANINE SPORTS.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—I was glad to notice in your paper of the 25th an article concerning canine sports in this city. I formerly took an interest in such affairs, but owing to the questionable manner in which many matches were conducted, I gave up at tending them. A friend of mine recently had a very fine terrier dog stolen from him at an up-town pit, and I have heard of others who have met with similar treatment. My friend made some endeavors to recover his property, but signs of rough treatment to himself convinced him that discretion was the better part of valor, and he left. He advertised for his terrier, afterwards, but met with no success. If fanciers destroy each other's dogs, it is not surprising that they should lay violent hands on the property of others. Give us a reform in these matters, or let canine sports be abolished altogether.

FULTON STREET.

"THE SWATTA BOYS" IN THE FIELD.—A rumor was recently circulated that Joseph Briggs, Esq., had joined the church recently, but that as it may be, he authorizes us to announce through the Currier, his intention to make a match, either with John Cornell, Wm. Carson, both of Philadelphia, or J. H. Taylor, of Jersey City, the latter preferred. The following are the conditions:—\$100 a side—to shoot at 21 birds each, from ground trap, 21 yards, rise, 10 yards boundary—to trap and find birds for each other, and each to gather his own birds; the gun to be held strictly below the elbow until the bird takes flight; 1½ oz. shot. The shooting to any time after, until December, most agreeable to any one accepting said challenge. Whereupon, he desires to state that he will place a forfeit of \$15 or \$20 in the hands of C. Neidly, as stakeholder, who can be repaid to the on the subject, or through the medium of the CLIPPER "first come, first served." He furthermore desires us to inform his customers that he purposes backing James Cox, (who competed with John Taylor in our city, December 27, 1859, in which contest the "farmer" met with defeat,) so that no misunderstanding may ensue as to their competitors, let us have another trial with the Swatta lads.

A LOVER OF SPORT.

CITY OF READING, October 26, 1860.

TAIL HUNTING PARTIES.—The Rochester Union, of the 17th, gives the following account of some tail sporting.—"The annual hunt of the 'Old Guard' of the Aubur and Rochester Railroad, took place yesterday. The hunters were divided into sides, of which John Ashley and Lewis Shulman were chosen captains. The men were out all day after game, and returned in the evening at half past seven, when the count of the game commenced. The result was such an enormous quantity brought in, the 'cull' was not made until nearly 11 o'clock. It was then found that Captain Ashley's side was largely the best, their count being 26 to Shulman's 16. Superintendent Collier, on Capt. Ashley's side, brought in the largest number, 840. The annual Fall Hunt of the Monroe Co. Sportsmen's Club, took place yesterday. Sides were chosen, dividing the whole club, some 40 men, into two parties, but only a part of those chosen found time to go out. At 12 this day the sportsmen met to count game. There was a fine show of birds, and good birds they were too. The birds shown were 174 in number, enumerated as follows: Snipe, 60; woodcock, 35; quail, 38; ducks, 34; partridges, 9."

MR. BEECHER AND THE BOXERS.—It is reported that the Benicia Boy, with his trainer, Jack McDonald, who recently gave the Brooklynites a taste of their quality, called upon Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, one evening, to show their respects. Mr. Beecher received the eminent John and his mentor with his usual politeness. He said he perfectly agreed with them as to the necessity of improving the American physique by the development of muscle, but he had serious objections to the ring and its surroundings. He did not approve of prize fighting either, but had no objections to a fair and square round or two on Christian principles, with a view to promote the digestive faculties. Beecher then laid the pastor of Plymouth Church a part of boxing gloves, and they do say the use he made of them fully persuaded his visitors that Mr. Beecher, with a little practice, would be as excellent a musclemen as he is a preacher.

BRADY, CARRY.—John Cockraun, a cab driver in London, recently won a prize of £20 for the best essay on the effects of sunlight cab-driving. At the meeting at which the prize was awarded, Brady stated that his essay consisted of 19,000 words, all written in the open air, on the top of his cab. This is a new and striking illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

FAST TYPE SETTING.—It said that a lad working in the printing office of *The Woodstock (Vt.) Caledonian*, recently set up fifteen thousand burgoins in eleven hours—six thousand and a half solid, and the remainder in manuscript.

## THE GREAT PICTURE

## OF THE

## INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.

Mr. Newbold's great picture of Heenan and Sayers' International Fight was nearly ready for distribution in England at the sailing of the Africa on the 17th ult., so we are informed by our correspondent "Wide Awake," who also sends us the following list of names of those whose portraits were taken after the fight, and most of which will appear in the Great Picture:—

Mr. Allen, Cook and Marples, Drury Lane.  
James Abrahams, Bawley Mow, Cramer street, Brunswick sq.  
Harry Adams; who fought the Spider.  
Gentleman "Farmer" Bennett, one of the chief backers of Tom Sayers.  
Thomas Beau.  
\*Albert Bergbush, Special Artist for Frank Leslie's Illustrated New York Newspaper.

Young Broome, who fought Kangaroo and Tom Roberts.  
Fred Broome, brother to Johnny and Harry.  
Phil Benjamin, the Sporting Vocalist.  
George Brown, of The Bell, Red Lion Market.  
\*Dan Bryant, of Bryant Minstrels.  
Fred E. Buckwith, the Champion Swimmer.  
George Bryer, of the Black Horse, Oxenden street.  
J. C. Baum, of the White Lion, Hackney Wick.  
William Burton, of Christy's Minstrels.  
Ted Bassett, the celebrated Wrestler.  
Peter Cawley, of the French Horn, Duke street, Smithfield.  
W. P. George Collier, of Christy's Minstrels.  
George Crockett, who fought Duncan, Travers, Cobley, and Tyler.

Dan Collins, who fought Sayers.  
John Chowne.  
Dad Cunningham, of the United States.  
James Crockett.  
Job Cobley, the Elastic Pot Boy, who fought Brettle, Crockett, and Travers.  
Fred Chandler, of the Red Lion, Blackman street, Boro'.  
\*E. Coleyman, of the United States.  
Jack Callaghan, of London.  
Old Chinnam, of Nat Langham's.  
Crutchley, who fought Bass Tyler, Posh Price, and Joe Goss.

Henry Cooper, of the Coach and Horses, Leather lane.  
Jem Cross, of Greenwich, who fought Tom Maley (three times), Young Simbo (twice), and 13 others.  
William Costello, the celebrated Vaultier.  
Mr. Caunt.  
Young Ben Critchley, the Liverpool Commissary.  
\*Mr. Cribb.  
Sam Cooper, of Wolverhampton.  
Patsy Daly, who fought Dan Collins.  
George Downey, of the King's Arms, Tothill street.  
Frank Diamond, the Pedestrian.  
Billy Duncan, the Inspector of the Ring.  
R. R. Evans, of Fornhill, near Carmarthen, South Wales.  
Bob Fuller, the celebrated Trainer.  
H. Fleming, of the Globe and Pigeons, High st., Shadwell.  
J. Forrester, the celebrated London detective.  
J. H. Garratt.  
Dick Garratt.  
Jack Griffitts.  
Joe Goss, of Northampton, who fought Rookes and Crutchley.  
Gillam, who fought Alf Walker, Hawks and Dan Thomas.  
Thomas Good.  
Tom Grant, the celebrated Aquatic Trainer.  
Bill George.  
Charley H. George.  
Mr. Holt, of Bell's Life.  
T. F. Harrison.  
Joe Hollis, the Spider.  
Harry Hamilton, Trainer of both Morrissey and Sayers for their respective fights with Heenan.  
Alfred Hawkins.  
W. H. Hughes.  
Mr. Farmer.  
Jack Hughes.  
Jack Hocks.  
Hicks, who fought Alf Walker and Joe Nolan.  
J. Hill, the Chelsea Doctor.  
Hurst, the St. Albans Infant, (matched with Paddock to fight for £20 a side and the Champion belt).  
Hodgkiss, of Birmingham, the celebrated Trainer.  
Handley.  
Mr. Howard, of Bell's Life.  
E. Hyams, of the Birmingham Saloon.  
Daniel Jones, the Dog and Stile, Market street, Boro'.  
Joseph Jacobs, of the Victoria, Shoreutch.  
Joyce, the Eclectic.  
Keene, who fought Jack Grant, Joe Phelps, and Bill Hayes.  
J. T. Knight, one of the founders of the Pugilistic Benefit Association.  
Young Keefe, who fought Hartley.  
Charley Keefe, who fought Young Broome.  
Harry Lynch, the Champion of the Feather Weights.  
\*Nat Langham, who beat Sayers.  
Sam Langham, brother of Nat.  
Lockwood, of the White Lion, Drury Lane.  
Harry Lawrence, of the United States.  
Fred Lillywhite.  
Johnny Lazarus, son of Izzy.  
Young Moore, of Christy's Minstrels.  
Fred Mason, (the Bull dog), who fought Johnny Walker, and Harry Broome.  
John Massey, of the Bull dog, who fought Johnny Walker, and Harry Broome.  
John Montgomery, friend of Morrissey.  
Mooresey, who fought Heenan.  
Mike M'Nulty, who fought Massey, Hawkes, and Paddy Gill.  
Madden, who fought Hayes, Jones, and Travers.  
Madden, who fought the spider.  
M'Gannen.  
J. Mace, who fought Bob Brettle and Travers.  
M'Cauley, of the United States.  
Macdonald, the celebrated Trainer and Second.  
M'Gilligan, friend of Heenan.  
Metcalfe.  
Murray, who wrote the Description of the Battle for the Sporting Telegraph.

Joe Nolan, of Birmingham, who fought Jack Hicks.  
Fred Oliver, keeper of Ropes and Stakes.  
Orme, who beat Nat Langham.  
Pearce, owner of the celebrated Trotting Pony "Daisy," Powrie, of Glasgow.  
Phelps, of Brighton, who fought Sam Martin and Alice Keene.  
Harry Phelps, brother of Joe.  
Popham.  
Patton.  
John Pott, of Mile End, the well known Pedestrian Trainer.  
Preston, the celebrated Pedestrian.  
Punkstone, Caterer to the King.  
James Parish, of the Leander Stars, Strand.  
Philips, of Hoborn.  
Rowley, of Wednesbury, who fought Cox, Parker, and Ben Terry.  
Mr. Reynolds.  
Roberts, of Birmingham.  
Roe, who fought Harry Broome.  
Rawlings, Special Correspondent for Frank Leslie's Illustrated New York Newspaper.  
Old Alec Reed, the celebrated Chelsea Snob, who fought Bishop Sharpe three times, and ultimately beat him.  
Ned Roberts, of Birmingham.  
James Rowan, the Champion Ten-mile Runner.  
J. W. Raynor, of Christy's Minstrels.  
H. A. Reed, the Pedestrian.  
John Roberts, of the West London Cricket Ground, Brompton.  
William Stoff, of Birmingham.  
Mr. Old Jenny Shaw.  
Young Shaw, who fought Charley Lynch.  
James Smith, of the Golden Lion, Fore street.  
Sayers, who fought Sayers.  
Travers, of the Greyhound, Webber st., Waterloo road.  
Thomas, the Welshman, who fought Lynch and Gillam.  
Truscott, the celebrated Wrestler.  
Weston, of the Music Hall, Hoborn.  
Walker, who fought Jack Hanman, Fred Mason, Ned Adams, and Bill Hayes.  
Alf Walker, who fought the Spider and Gillam.  
John Walker, of Stoney Stratford, who fought Mike Madden.  
Wicks, of New York.  
Ward, of Philadelphia.  
Widdowes, of Norwich.  
Williams.  
\*Jem Ward, the Ex-Champion.  
James Wilson, of the Spotted Dog, Strand.  
Wish, who seconded Sayers.  
Whitehead.  
Westhall, the celebrated Pedestrian.

Tom White, matched with Bob Chambers, Champion of the Thames.  
J. S. Wright, of the Fox and Duck, Chilton.  
Pussy White, assistant to Fred Oliver.  
\*Friends of Heenan.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

## FIGHTS TO COME.

From the Sporting Life, October 17.

OCT. 20.—Ben Malpas and J. Fleet, (both of Dudley,) catch weight, the latter staking £23 to £20—Staffordshire Circuit.

5.—Dan Sullivan and Young Manning—£5 a side, Home District.

Nov. 6.—Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst, (the Stalybridge Infant,) £200 a side and the Champion belt—Home Circuit.

6.—Young Leal and Hartley—£5 & £5, £25 a side (in the same weight as Paddock and Hurst.)

6.—White and Harrison, £10 a side, Dudley.

13.—Woods and McCullay, £25 a side, North Britain.

20.—McCarthy and Jenamy Norton, £25 a side, catch weight—Home Circuit.

27.—Tom King (Ward's Big-un) and Tom Truckle, of Gosport, catch weight, £50 a side—Home Circuit.

EXCITING MILL BETWEEN BILL GILLAM AND TOM TYLER.

These lads have for some time past been matched to fight at catch weight, for £50 a side, the friends of Tyler thinking, from the style in which he fought Sullivan, that he had a good chance of bringing it off with Gillam, who had just been beaten by Dan Thomas, the Welshman. Articles were accordingly drawn up, and the lads betook themselves to their training quarters—Gillam at Brighton and Tyler in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace.

## THE MEN.

BILL GILLAM, whose weight is about 8st 6lb, was born at Brighton in 1833, and made his first appearance in P. R. on the 20th of June, 1852, when he fought and defeated Coombs, of Manchester, in 104 rounds, 1 hour 32 min., at Hayling Island. His next turn up was with Teddy Mottie, at the same place as with Coombs, on the 19th of June, 1855, for £10 a side, which ended in a draw, through having fought to a stand still, after 123 rounds. After another rest of three weeks, he beat Scutte Rogers, in 34 rounds, 45 minutes, for £10 a side, at Tapton Common, on July 13th, 1855. His next battle was with Alec Andrews, for £25 a side, down the river, which ended in a draw, after 34 rounds, in 37 minutes, on November 30th, 1855. They met again, however, on the 18th of the following month, at Ash Common, for the same amount, when Andrews had to cry a go after the 47th round, the time for the whole being 55 minutes. His next adversary was Alf Walker, for £5 a side, whom he defeated in 7 rounds, which lasted 20 minutes, on March 29th, 1856, in the Home Circuit, and on the 7th of February, in the present year, he beat Young Hakes, for £10 a side, an off-hand match, 11 rounds, 25 minutes, on the banks of the Thames. Gillam's next meet was with Dan Thomas, the gallant little Welshman. The stakes contested for were £20; they met on Wednesday, the 30th of May last, by the side of the Silvery Thames. The betting was 2 to 1 on Gillam, who, after gallantly contending 23½ hours, and fighting 48 rounds, was forced to knock under to the superior tactics of the Welshman.

YESTERDAY was the day named for the contest, and soon after nine o'clock the station at Euston square presented a scene of bustle and animation; and though the crush to get tickets was great, everything passed off in the most orderly manner. At twenty minutes past nine, in the midst of torrents of rain, the train started, and the prospect of a wet day and a thorough soaking were freely discussed by the *newspapers*, whose spirits were in a measure kept up by the witty talk of the facetious Joey Jones, who was present, "stick" and all. The passengers booked for St. Albans, but about two miles on this side of that town, at a small station called Park street, the "office" was given to alight, which was quickly done, and the pilot led the way for rather better than a mile along a muddy lane, until arriving at a small place called Smug Oak Common, on the borders of which half-a-dozen cottages were situated. The ring was soon pitched by the active compressor and his assistants, and a good piece of turf was found, from the wet it was almost a bog, before the men had been fighting for 15 minutes. It was a perfect quagmire. A little ale house at the corner of the common had the fascin of a strip-tease, and when it was never finished, it was beaten off by Alec Andrews, for £25 a side, 121 rounds, in 2 hours 40 minutes, in the Lower Hove, on the 31st of March, 1857. He next tackled Jack Sullivan, for £25 a side, on March 14th, 1858, when, after fighting 55 rounds, in 2 hours 50 minutes, down the river, the police put in an appearance, and the fight was drawn.

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## THEATRICAL RECORD.

*Accidents, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.*

## BILL POSTER'S UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:  
 Albany, N. Y. .... J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20¢  
 Baltimore, Md. Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st., (basement). 15-3m  
 Cleveland, O. .... T. J. Quinlan & Co., 174 Ontario street. 18-6m\*

## BEYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanic's Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.  
 JERRY, NEIL, and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.  
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BEYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—  
 JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMBOLD,  
 J. H. SIVORI, W. L. HOBBS, M. A. SCOTT,  
 G. W. CHARLES, DAN EMMETT, P. B. ISAACS,  
 T. A. CARROLL, N. W. GOULD, PAUL BERGER,  
 F. NODSON, T. J. PEET, NEIL BRYANT,  
 In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—  
 Essence of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's,  
 Scenes at Phalon's, Challenge Dance,  
 The Three Hunters, Surprise Party,  
 The Garrotters, African Polka,  
 Doral MacDull Darroll's, Grape Vine Twist,  
 Mississippi Fling, And many others.  
 Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Hoedown, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others. Books open at 7. Curtains rise at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

## BUNNEY &amp; NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

NEW ORGANIZATION  
 AND  
 TRIPLE COMBINATION  
 Consisting of  
 CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,  
 And the most carefully Selected Company of  
 ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS  
 The world has ever produced.

## LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1860-61.

E. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEHR,  
 GUSTAVE HIDAU, W. ALONZO OWENS,  
 H. S. RUMSEY, M. LLE ROSATI,  
 LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HULSON,  
 E. FRENCHMAN, YOUNG LANGLOISE,  
 M. B. YATES, CARL DE VINCENT,  
 J. GARATEAU, T. D. STANLEY,  
 W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.

## CARD EXPLANATORY.

Until the present season we have named ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB's CAMBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was an 'n'st' in our hearts, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with those years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one the old ones left struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household word to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING" was everywhere hailed with delight. But once, facing force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed spasmodically, and as Gypsies do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbell. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the vagrants above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbell, whose execution we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as sure that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now calling themselves, have ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY,  
 W. W. NEWCOMB,  
 Managers and Proprietors.

## HOOLEY &amp; CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,  
 NIBLO'S SALOON.

E. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.  
 MONDAY EVENING, AUG 27TH, AND EVERY EVENING.

N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above common rooms and premises for the winter months, when they intend to produce series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most remarkable style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to the New York audience, the programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

## "LOOK AT THE COMPANY" '61.

J. N. SWARTHORPE, MASTER EUGENE,  
 S. C. CAMPBELL, J. N. NORTON,  
 G. W. H. GRIFFIN, J. C. REEVES,  
 J. B. DONNICKER, AUG. ASCHIE,  
 E. J. MELVILLE, L. A. ZWISLER,  
 J. J. HILLIARD,  
 and R. M. HOOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8. Tickets, 25 cents.

## THE MOST COMPLETE AND LARGEST MINSTREL TROUPE TRAVELLING,

again in the field for the year 1860 and '61.

## UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND;

Twenty Performers, Consisting of the very flower of Ethiopian Artists in the profession.

SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN'S  
 ONLY ORIGINAL

## NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,

AND M. MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,

Are on the move for the West, South, and the Island of Cuba; and during the present season they will visit the following cities: New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, Massachusetts; Concord, N. H.; Brattleboro, Vermont; New Haven, Conn.; Paterson, N. J.; Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, W. D.; St. Paul, Dubuque, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Miss.; Baton Rouge, New Orleans; Havana, Cuba; Mobile, Ala.; Montgomery, Savannah, Ga.; Augusta, Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, Wilmington, N. C.; Norfolk, Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; stopping at all the principal towns along the above route, on which occasion every member of the celebrated troupe will appear in an entirely new selection of Acts, selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

THE NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND, led by Mr. JOHN PRATT, will give a Grand Serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors.

Proprietors, SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN.

Manager and Business Agent, CHS. H. DUPREZ. 25-41.

## THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY WOOD'S MINSTRELS.

SYLVESTER BLECKER, Proprietor and Manager  
 FROM 444 BROADWAY.

AND  
 WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,  
 561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Where they have been performing for the past TEN YEARS.

The Company consists of the following talented artists:—

NED DAVIDSON, SYLVESTER BLECKER,  
 DAVE REED, J. W. BEYER,  
 C. CROSBY, E. HARRISON,  
 L. MEYERS, L. M. REESE,  
 W. SCOTT, MRS. NED DAVIS,  
 R. THOMPSON, FRANK DAVIS,  
 FRANK WYANT, J. FRANCIS.

We will appear in our

BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENTS,  
 Illustrative of

SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,  
 In the principal Cities and Towns of the United States.

SYLVESTER BLECKER, Manager.

FRANK EDWARD, Agent.

## MRS. MATT. PEEL'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,

Comprising

FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,

Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their

BEAUTIFUL SINGING,

LUMINOUS BURLESQUES,

UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,  
 OPERATIC BURLESQUES, &c., &c.,

Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Traveling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,

NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.

NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

Particulars of the evening amusements always observed in the distribution programmes of the day.

23-41 J. T. HUNTERLY, Manager.

## VENTRILLOQUISM MADE EASY.

Just published, a book of 96 pages explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free of postage, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps, to

20-100 WYMAN, The Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

## AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL—444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

IMMENSE SUCCESS. IMMENSE SUCCESS.

The largest, best and most respectable concert hall in the city, conducted upon a very different principle to any other like place in the country, talent being the great draw, and not outside show. Vulgar jokes, obscene songs, and numberless other aids disgusting to mention, which not only shock the sensitive, but cause numbers of persons to avoid every place of amusement indiscriminately, are avoided at the

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

The great success is a proof that the manager's efforts are appreciated.

The following talent will appear every evening:—

BILLY O'NEIL.

The only original Irish Comedian in America.

L. SIMMONS, in his great unequalled Banjo Solos.

W. ALLEN, the celebrated Ethiopian Performer.

G. GAINER, the Eccentric Delinquer.

F. SHAW, Extravagant and Comic Singer.

Mons. LA THORNE, the greatest Hercules of the age.

THE ORRIN FAMILY, and DON SANTIAGO GIBONNOISE.

PROF. NICHOLLS AND SON, In their beautiful and classic gymnastic groupings.

MISS CLARA HARRINGTON, The American Nightingale, in some of the most popular ballads.

MISS JULIA CHRISTINE, Miss KATE HARRISON, Miss KATE HAMILTON, Miss MARY HAMILTON, Miss MARY MARSH, Miss FLORENCE, Miss AUGUSTINE.

MISS JULIA CHRISTINE, Miss KATE HAMILTON, Miss MARY HAMILTON, Miss MARY MARSH, Miss FLORENCE, Miss AUGUSTINE.

Admission, 25 cents; gallery, 10 cents.

R. W. BUTLER, Proprietor.

Mons. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

F. VAN OLKEN, Musical Director.

MELODION, 539 BROADWAY. This will be a great and Gala Week at this

MOST POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.

Among the new features presented are several new and excellent DANCERS AND COMEDIANS.

The old company are winning new honors every evening.

HANK MASON, who won the Silver Goblet Zeke's benefit, when opposed by nine of the best DANCERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Look at the Stars:—

MISS LELANDE, the charming vocal st.

MISS CARRIE LEWIS, the new candidate for musical honors.

HANK MASON, the incomparable.

DICK SANDS, the inimitable.

GRAND NATIONAL TABLEAU, By Prof. KIRBY—chef d'œuvre of skill and taste.

W. M. T. LEONARD, Proprietor.

J. CONNER, Stage Manager.

29-11 BELLER'S DETROIT CONCERT HALL.

NOS. 112 & 114 RANDOLPH STREET.

Stage Manager, W. M. CAVANAGH.

Mus. cal Director, F. SPIEGEL.

Pianist, P. CUNY.

The best company of artists in the West.

MISS ANNIE LEE, MISS MINNIE DE FAIBER,

MISS LIZZIE SCHULTZ, Mlle LEWIS PATTI,

MISS ROSA DUVAL, W. B. CAVANAGH.

MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER, FATHIE STEWART,

MISS MATILDA SCHULTZ, CHARLES KENDALL,

MISS SARAH DUVAL, WALTER WENTWORTH,

And J. R. JUDGE.

Price of admission 15 cents. Orchestra seats 10 cents extra, for two tickets for refreshments will be given. Doors open at 7, to commence at half past 7 P. M.

JACOB BELLER, Agent.

At BELLER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has opened his Billiard Saloon on the first floor above the Concert Room, where he has placed two of Phelan's Best Patent Tables, with all the new improvements and appointments.

29-20 THE UNDERSIGNED is open to an engagement as ADVERTISING AGENT for a first class STAR, or an A 1 EXHIBITION. Thirteen years experience. Proprietors of Dissolving Views and one horse show need not communicate.

CHARLES J. WALTER, Philadelphia, care of Sunday At's.

30-11 YANKEE ROBINSON'S DOUBLE SHOW FOR SALE, including Horses, Ponies, Harps, Carriages, Tents, Seats, Stage-Scenery, Projects, Tents, Wardrobe, &c. Advertisements, subscriber at De Ruyter, N. Y. The above property will be sold by auction, as he is fitting out an entire NEW ESTABLISHMENT on an original plan "for the epoch we live in," to travel through his favorite territory, the GREAT WEST, in the spring of 1861 Terms of sale, cash. 30-11\* YANKEE ROBINSON.

## CITY SUMMARY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

A few days since, our neighbor, the Herald, treated its readers with some talk about successful actors. According to the statement drawn up, those well known tasters of the boards, Forrest, Booth, Wallack, and Hackel, had amassed considerable sums, and could at any time permanently retire to homes quite splendid. The professional lives of these gentlemen were also spoken of—up and down, their trials, their successes, their trials again, in common with the same things, then, as now, contemporary very much, coming upon the public, which the profession generally, in due course, is well known to be. The present generation of these gentlemen were also spoken of—up and down, their trials, their successes, their trials again, in common with the same things, then, as now, contemporary very much,



## BALLADS OF THE KING.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY JOHN COOPER VAHL.  
No. XV.

## WILLIAM HASTINGS (DUBLIN TRICKS.)

Quite near to Centre Market's pile,  
Where famine keeps a respectful distance,  
And jolly butchers wear a smile  
While selling people their substance—  
Whom partition chops and sculps prime  
Are carved alike for saint and sinner,  
And every one is true to time  
Who either buys or sells a dinner—  
A house of entertainment stands  
Famed for cigars, ale, wine, and porter,  
And known through many distant lands  
As kept by Dublin Tricks—a sporter.

Though he long since has left the ring,  
Where oft he gave his foes aasting,  
We will him former glory sing,  
And notice the "Hotel de Hastings"—  
Where friends pile in by day and night,  
Like bees around a hive of honey,  
And all good follows there unite,  
Both grave and gay, sedate and funny;  
While mirth and joy reign there complete  
At every weekly Frolic and Easy—  
And songs are sung to times as sweet  
As notes from Mario and Grisi.

III.  
Brave warriors on their laurels rest,  
And others, too, their course may alter—  
Some quit the field, though hard the test,  
When noised in Hymen's golden halter.  
Some go to Congress, and look grim,  
Important as the nation's teachers;  
And others look for kingdom come,  
And turn out first rate model Beechers.  
And though they may have wanted nerve  
In former days of bout and revel,  
A pugilist will never waver  
When he goes in to thwack the devil.

IV.  
On July, eighteen forty-three,  
Tricks in the ring made his appearance,  
And, like a good craft bound for sea,  
He had at once a brilliant clearance.  
Brave Hobson's had no earthly sight  
Until the many bout was ended,  
And Hastings on the field of fight  
Was noticed as an artist splendid;  
He proved himself so quick and fly,  
A give fast, but slow receiver,  
That sportsmen after would be high  
On Dublin Tricks—“the gay deceiver.”

V.  
But soon to Freedom's land he came,  
Though leaving hosts of friends behind him—  
A man like Tricks will win a name,  
No matter where or how we find him;  
He gathered here a loyal clan,  
Like some famed chief on Scotia's border—  
For Hastings always proved a man,  
And right good friend to law and order;  
A gentleman in many art,  
Like him who taught the poet, Byron,  
Who would not act the bully's part,  
Though wheedled by the voice of siren.

VI.  
A health to Hastings, brave and true,  
Who well deserves our approbation;  
His conduct is the golden clue  
That yields a prize in worth and station.  
His house stands 'twixt Canal and Grand,  
Upon the eastern side of Centre,  
And all receive the welcome hand  
Whenever they may chance to enter;  
Cigars that connoisseurs can test,  
Ales, wines, and liquors worth the tasting,  
You'll find the stock the very best  
Kept at the famed "Hotel de Hastings."

\*This mill took place at Snake Inn, Manchester, July 11th, 1843. The stakes were £20 a side, 24 rounds were fought in 46 minutes. Also fought Battle for £5 a side, 72 rounds in 2 hours and 10 minutes; fight postponed and not renewed—1843.

Chronology of the Ring.

John Jackson, known as Gentleman Jackson in all circles of society.

## HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

A COMPLETE LIST OF

## ALL THEATRES OPENED IN THE UNITED STATES

INCE THE DRAMA WAS

## FIRST INTRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF OVER

## One Hundred and Eleven Years,

(From 1749.)

## ALSO THE OPENING BILL, CAST OF CHARACTERS,

And a Complete List of Every Theatre Destroyed by Fire,

WITH FULL PARTICULARS RELATING THERETO.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked.”

TEXAS.

The first theatre erected in Texas was at Houston; built by John Carles, formerly of New Orleans. It was opened on the 11th of June, 1838, with the "Hunchback," and "Perfection."

Master Walter.....Mr Baker

Sir Thomas Clifford.....Mr Corri

Lord Tinsel.....Mr Jackson

Master Welford.....Mr Ormond

Moss.....Mr. Newton

Padthow.....Mr. Chambers

Heartwell.....Mr. Barker

Julia.....Mrs Hubbard

The following Opening Address, written by James Rees, of Philadelphia, and spoken by the manager and proprietor, John Carles.

Like some lone pilgrim through the southern wild,

Fair Thalia comes, an unprotected child;

Her Temple here, she dedicates to you,

To hold the world, the mimic world to view.

What is the Drama? ask the Grecian Sage,

Who first engraved it on the classic page?

Go ask the Birds, of never dying fame,

What is the Drama? they will give it name.

One golden line, can all its worth impart—

“To raise the genius, and to mend the heart”

“Show vice its features, hideous grown by age,”

Correct the times by lessons from the Stage.

To other classes, native songs,

With their teat for its themes of song;

With Europe's Birds, hold here delicate sway,

And native talent shout forth their lay,

Our wilds now bloom, here genii dwells—

The muse comes forth, o'er from her hidden cells;

And tuneful lyres, with proud ambition strung,

Raise high their notes, to native music sung.

This little Temple, like mix your city's name,

Erects its altar to its country's Fame.

He who first planted, on this fertile shore,

Columbi's flag, which o'er the waves he bore,

No! dream that here his name would proudly be

The bright incgnita of the brave and free.

Where Freedom's voice is heard upon the hills,

Imparting music to her murmuring rills;

While toward the confine of the setting day,

Texas extends her prospects bright and gay.

Sparkling with gems, between two nations spread,

“She seems a pearl upon Creation's bed”—

Half torn to pieces, let fancy dwell

In all her pride—three times she'll be her cell;

Her heart with the notes to nature now bound.

Replete with the music of the world's woe!

Here let the banner proudly be unfurled!

Old Tom's eye delighted throws aside,

And claims the Drama for his constant bride;

Where'er they move, new beauties crown the way,

Art triumphs now, and Time knows no decay.

Then bid it flourish—let the Texian Stage,

By you protected, live in after age.

We ask no charter—claim no rigid laws.

Her rules are few—her hopes—YOUR KIND APPLAUSE.

A LIST

OF ALL THEATRES DESTROYED BY FIRE IN THE U. S.

For the Past One Hundred and Eleven Years.

[FIRE CONCERNED.]

NORFOLK, VA.

The Avon Theatre was discovered to be on fire on the morning of February 16, 1850, between the hours of one and two. All efforts

to save the large and commodious building proved entirely futile; it was a total loss.

## COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Theatre destroyed by fire in 1840.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The French Theatre, located on Washington street, near Montgomery, was destroyed by fire in 1850.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1850.

## VICKSBURG, MISS.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1850.

## CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1850.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The original Jenny Lind Theatre, located on Kearney street, near Washington, was destroyed by fire in May 1850.

The City Street Theatre, located near Montgomery street, was destroyed by fire May, 1851. Re-built and again destroyed by fire soon after it opened.

The Dramatic Museum was destroyed by fire June 17, 1850; loss \$4000. Situated on west side of Montgomery street, and owned by Dr. G. Robinson.

The Theatre built on the site of the original "Jenny Lind" was destroyed by fire in June 1851.

The American Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1851.

National Theatre, Mr. Hunter proprietor, was destroyed by fire June 4, 1850. Loss \$60,000.

Olympic Amphitheatre, situated west side of Kearney street, destroyed by fire June 17, 1850. Loss \$4000.

SAFRAKENT, CAL.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1851.

## SAFRAKENT, CAL.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1851.

## ALBANY, N. Y.

The North Pearl Street Circus was pulled down June 24, 1851.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Wood's Museum was destroyed by fire July 16, 1851. The building was owned by J. P. Broadwell; loss \$30,000, insured for \$14,000. The curiosities, fixtures, &c., were owned by J. H. Rice & Watson, which were all destroyed excepting a few. Mr. Rice's loss was \$8,500; insured for \$6,000. Watson's loss \$3,000; no insurance. The actors and actresses lost all their valuable wardrobe, &c., worth nearly \$1000, no insurance.

## ALBANY, N. Y.

The building erected for the Amphitheatre, and located on Westerly street, was destroyed by fire Aug. 20, 1851. At the time it was occupied by M. W. Bender, as a fire brick manufactory.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Barnum's Museum was destroyed by fire Thursday Morning, Dec 30, 1851. It was first discovered at five o'clock, in the northwest corner of the building near the roof, which in a few minutes spread throughout the whole interior. Several of the performers suffered seriously in the loss of their wardrobes. The fire is supposed to have occurred from fireworks which were used in the afternoon a performance. The audience had not left the lecture room five minutes when the fire broke out, which was a fortunate thing. Wm. C. Spooner's loss (the proprietor) was \$50,000, upon which there was an insurance of \$30,000. The building belonged to Jas. Swain, and cost \$80,000.

## VICKSBURG, MISS.

The Theatre was under the management of John Green, comedian; was destroyed by fire January 15, 1852. It was an old building, and of no greatness.

## BOSTON, MASS.

The National Theatre was destroyed by fire Thursday morning, April 22, 1852. It was first discovered in the upper story of the southwest corner, where no light had been used. From the fact of its breaking out so long after the performance was over, it must have been the work of an incendiary. The members of the company lost nearly all their wardrobes, and the orchestra lost all their instruments and music.

The theatre contained \$4000 worth of music, 2000 volumes of prompt books, and 300 original MSS., all destroyed.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Eagle Street Theatre was destroyed by fire Friday, May 4th, 1852. It was owned by Mr. Brisbane, of Batavia, and under the management of Carr & Warren. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

## MEMPHIS, TENN.

The Theatre was damaged by fire in January, 1853, to the amount of \$500.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Theatre owned by John Rice, was destroyed by fire in 1853. Loss \$6,000; insured for \$3,000.

## LOWELL, MASS.

The Theatre was destroyed by fire September 30, 1853. Loss \$29,000. S. D. Johnson and W. L. Ayling were the lessees.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Theatre destroyed by fire Friday, May 4th, 1854. It was owned by Mr. Howard Block, a building which stood on the west side of it, separated by a narrow alley, and was totally destroyed. The fire was one of the most disastrous that ever occurred in Providence, property to the value of \$240,000 being destroyed. The building cost \$30,000. Mr. Forbes' loss was about \$2,500.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Sanford's Ethiopian Opera House, corner of Twelfth and Chestnut streets, was destroyed by fire December 9, 1853. The flames were first discovered at a quarter before eleven o'clock at night. The evening's performance was over, and the place close up. The flames first made their appearance in front of the stage, near the back wall, and is supposed to have originated from a defect in one of the kitchen flues of the restaurant in the basement of the building. The greater portion of the instruments and wardrobe were saved. Building owned by Geo. W. Edwards, Esq.

Mr. Sanford had an insurance of \$30,000 on the scenery, wardrobe, &c., but the insurance company proved to be a bogus one, and his loss was total.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

The Museum was destroyed by fire in January, 1854.

## PHILADELPHIA.